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MEMORIAL SERMON

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF

BENJAMIN S. WALCOTT,

NEW YORK MILLS, ONEIDA CO., N. Y.,

JANUARY 16, 1862,

BY

REV. CHESTER FITCH,

PASTOR OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"ASLEEP IN JESUS."

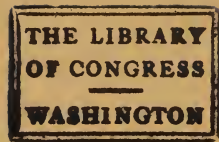
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THE NEW TEMPLE.

SONDAY TRIBUNE,

THE NEW TEMPLE

Laying the Corner-Stone of the Walcott Memorial Church, at New York Mills, Yesterday—The Ceremony—Addresses by Revs. Brown, Bartlett, East, Hon. W. J. Bacon, and Others.

A fairer and more auspicious day could not have been selected for the laying of the corner-stone of the Walcott Memorial Church, at New York Mills, than yesterday. At 6 P. M., the appointed hour, a large congregation had gathered to witness the ceremony and listen to the addresses. Every seat was occupied, and as far as the voices of the speakers could reach, was a densely packed audience. Among those present and on the platform were Rev. S. G. Brown, D. D., Rev. Wm. A. Bartlett, D. D., Rev. Dr. Feussmith, of New Jersey, Rev. Isaac O. Best, Rev. Dr. Porter, Rev. Mr. Tisdale, Rev. Dr. Harvey, Rev. Dr. Upson, Hon. W. J. Bacon, William D. Walcott, Hon. Samuel Campbell, Rev. L. J. Sawyer, Rev. Dr. Goertner, L. S. Wood, and E. C. Jones, of New Britain, Ct.

THE EXERCISES.

The exercises were opened by singing the familiar hymn, "Dear Gently, O, My Father," by the Presbyterian choir, assisted by the M. E. choir, and under the leadership of Mr. Arthur McEate. The divine blessing was then invoked by the Rev. Mr. Tisdale, of the M. E. Church, after which scriptural selections were read by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. C. B. Austin. Rev. L. J. Sawyer then read a historical paper containing some notes and bits of history not yet made public. The paper was substantially as follows:

MR. WOOD'S PAPER.

This church came into existence in 1837, during the discussion of the differences then existing between the old and the new schools of Presbyterianism. The first pastor of this church, the Rev. George Foote, delivered a strong and powerful sermon on the doctrines advocated by this church, and this sermon was subsequently published and widely circulated. All the other branches finally held the same views as were expressed in this discourse and gradually came together and were at length united and the disputed question of difference which had so long separated the two branches of Presbyterianism was settled for all time. Under the third pastor of the church, Ira Pettibone, a Sabbath school was organized and conducted, though not at first a strictly sectarian school. In 1839 a great revival passed through this section and a majority of the scholars of the school united with this church. In the school strong resolutions were passed against the use of intoxicating liquors and resolutions were also passed that wine should not be used at the communion table. The church took a strong stand against slavery and would not admit any who believed in its pernicious doctrines. It declared that to accept the doctrine of slavery was to reject the doctrine of true Christianity. The M. E. Society, at all times when it was without an edifice, generously offered this church the use of its edifice, and when the M. E. Church was burned the Christian hospitality of the Methodist brethren was returned.

THE LIST OF CONTENTS.

The list of articles enclosed in the box to be placed in the corner-stone was then read and consisted of the following:

Historical sermon by Rev. C. B. Austin. Extracts from semi-annual discourse of Rev. O. B. Austin, appendix to the history of this Church prepared and read by Mr. L. S. Wood, list of present members of this Church, former confession of faith 1849, funeral discourse of Benj. S. Walcott, photograph of Benj. S. Walcott, and a brief history of New York Mills, prayer meeting topics used by this Church during five years past, copy of the revised edition of the New Testament, engraved portrait of President James A. Garfield, photographs of the Session and Trustees of this Church and of Hon. Samuel Campbell, the old Church, the new Church a paper relating to the history and progress of the M. E. Church of this place, magazines and papers, viz: *Utica Morning Herald* and *Evening Observer*, the *New York Daily Times* and *Herald*, *Harpers' Weekly*, *New York Evangelist*, the *Living Issue*, a temperance paper, and *Woman's Citizen*, the *American Messenger* in the Welsh language contributed by Thos. Davies, *Harpers' and Publishers' Magazines* and the *Northwestern Review*, sketch of New York Mills Lodge, No. 240 I. O. G. T., programme of the exercises on this occasion, list of the contents of this box.

The box was then placed in the cavity in the stone, and a covering stone, weighing some 300 pounds was then lowered by the masons in charge of the work. The trowel used in the ceremony was an elegant silver one, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, and bearing the following inscription: "Used in laying the corner-stone of Plymouth Church, Chicago, July 26, 1874." Presented to the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett, pastor, by William H. Wilcox, architect." As the stone was lifted to the place, the Rev. Mr. Austin uttered the following words: "I now lay this corner-stone of a building to be devoted to the worship and praise of Almighty God, and this I do in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Dr. Feussmith, of New Jersey, which was followed by the singing by the choir of the following hymn, the words of which were written for the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Austin:

Oh Christ, we found this temple now;
We build on Thee alone;
Thou art the rocklike base of Truth,
Thou art the Corner-Stone.

Once men did Thee despise, reject,
Blind to Thy matchless grace;
But quarried by a mighty arm,
Thou hast the corner place.

Protect thine earthly dwelling house,
Stay up these walls and towers;
Guard Thou the portals well and save
From every storm that toilers.

Do Thou our sons and daughters too
Fashion and build and bless;
May in Thy temple shine.

Let us be fully framed in Thee,
Nor build on shifting sands;
Help us erect with blessed hope,
The house not made with hands.

The Rev. Dr. S. G. Brown then spoke as follows:

REV. MR. BROWN'S REMARKS.

My respected friends: It is certainly a most auspicious occasion on which we have gathered this afternoon. The time, the place, and the purpose, are all such as to call out our deeper interests. The hour of the day is a most beautiful time for this ceremony. We are already approaching near the Sabbath of hallowed rest, consecrated to the services of religion. We are here in this most beautiful and favored locality, this garden of the State, where every spot and place is full of beauty, and we are here to lay the corner-stone of a temple to be consecrated to the Father of all good. How much our general morality, our general peace and comfort, and order, and our obedience to law brings to us. We lay this corner-stone to-day where the truth as revealed in the Word of God will be preached, not alone as a service, but for the well and peace of this community. Every one will rejoice with us ten thousand times, that this stone is laid and this edifice erected though they never come within sound of its chiming bell or within the sound of the pulpit. For its blessings go out beyond personal hearing, far cut beyond the sound of the preacher's voice. We come here to-day to express our sympathy in and with the labors of those who are to engage in this holy work in this edifice. We are here to invoke the blessings of God on those who are to complete the labors requisite to finish this edifice. May an abundant shower of divine grace descend upon this community through the gracious and holy blessings of our divine Father.

Hon. William J. Bacon was then called upon and spoke as follows:

MR. BACON'S REMARKS.

Mr. Walcott, when inviting me to address this morning said that only a few words would be expected from me. I am happy to be here, I am sure, and I agree with Dr. Brown that the hour is propitious, and though the sun does not descend in its usual glorious light, yet it shines upon us with a beaming and cheering influence. Dear friends, the golden gates are open to us through these temples which we erect to our beloved God and Father. We are to build a church consecrated to our heavenly Father, and what is a church?

Some men speak of it as though it were almost too sacred to be spoken by human lips. I do not like the gorgeous tabernacles erected by some, but I look upon a church as a congregation of people consecrated to the worship of God the Father. Paul's church did not have many deacons or elders such as we associate together, but it was a congregation of dear friends preaching the gospel of truth to all men and drawing them nearer to their Lord and Master. Here you are raising a church. It is of little consequence what you call it, but the name you associate with it ought to be very dear here in this place. The name of Benjamin S. Walcott was associated with all that was pure in life and was full and replete with sterling integrity and simplicity of purpose. This place is full of precious memories to me. It is even an honored place to me. When our country was in peril I can not forget what it did for the Union. You all stood up for our common country in its hour of peril. I can add nothing more save the assurance that with you goes my hearty prayers and sincerest wishes.

Rev. Isaac O. Best, of the Clinton Grammar School, was next called upon, and spoke as follows:

REV. MR. BEST'S REMARKS.

I suppose I am here to rejoice with your pastor, and more so as an old friend than with those who are assembled here. But it is an occasion for which we can all rejoice. This occasion is one result of a desire to be remembered. This desire has founded cities, built enduring monuments, inspired the chisel of the sculptor, the brush of the artist, the pen of the writer and the tongue of the orator. It is far higher than any other ambition in the world. It is above both lust and gain, for it is that which will be remembered with thanksgiving by the people of the earth, and yet it is a laudable ambition. Its landmarks and temples are everywhere to convince men of the blessings God has conferred upon them. This dearest life lives and to it we owe all the temples of Christianity that to-day point heavenward their spires. Christ is through all this work here and in these temples Christ is built into it. What a sermon. A man who builds such a church as this, preaches further than the voice of one who preaches, for it carries with it all the blessings of Christianity. Men have longed to found a family and to build up a business that will benefit a community. Far more far-reaching is it to build such a temple. Every child built up in such gospel truths within its walls will carry them not only through this life, but through eternity. May the pastor and all future pastors do the work of the divine master here within its soon to be completed walls.

The Rev. Mr. Sawyer then spoke substantially as follows:

MR. SAWYER'S REMARKS.

I am given just five minutes in which to congratulate a sister church. The thought that here a house is founded to the worship of God, is worthy of sincere congratulation. This church will be full of beauty within and without, but its real beauty will be the hopes and loves which will cluster around it. It will testify of the works of one whose name we delight to reverence and honor. Here the rich and the poor, the high and the low may meet and worship together alike. This church may be a home of peace and a home of love, but out of this half-formed material arise, the building. And this material, these half-formed lives, will also be completed in the full and rounded outlines of Christianity. Such, indeed, are my wishes.

The Rev. Mr. Upson then spoke as follows:

REV. MR. UPSON'S REMARKS.

I cannot fail to remember some delightful reminiscences about this locality. These memories are precious to me, although perhaps not so to you all. The misfortunes of Christianity have built up this New York Mills community and made it prosperous. I little thought years ago that I should ever be permitted to preach within the walls of that little church yonder, but I finally did. The speaker then referred to the assassination of President Lincoln, and recalled how a public meeting was held in the church at that time. The similar attempted assassination of President Garfield was referred to by the speaker, and the sentiment expressed that he might still survive the dastardly attack upon his life and long live to be a blessing to our country and to us all. The gift of our dear friend, continued the speaker, to Hamilton College was a grand and noble one, and inspired the college with new hopes and aspirations. The gift to Hamilton College had its effect on this community, and this church will speak for itself and make itself felt in this community. It will teach its own lesson at every sound of its bell. The rich memories of the past you will not and cannot forget, and they will bring you richer memories in the future. Of the successive ministers who have preached here, their memories will not be forgotten, but will ever be cherished. Even now those who have passed away from earth are in sympathy with us.

Addresses were also made by the Rev. Mr. Harvey and others, followed by the reading of a hymn containing fine lines and soprano solos, which were exquisitely rendered by Mr. Edward Pickett and Miss Kent, respectively. Mr. William Frazer doing excellent duty as organist.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. Goertner of Hamilton College, and the large congregation was dismissed.

New York Mills, and in fact the surrounding country, may well be congratulated upon the successful beginning of this new and beautiful church edifice. It will be an honor to the village in which it is being erected, and stand as an index finger, pointing ten still higher, a nobler and infinitely better moral atmosphere to those who may come within sight of its stately architectural beauty.



A NEW HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

THE WALCOTT MEMORIAL CHURCH AT NEW YORK MILLS.

The Ceremony to Be Solemnized This Evening—Laying the Corner-Stone—Benjamin S. and William D. Walcott's Modest Gifts—A Brief History—The Pride of the Village—A Picture of the Edifice.

On the main street of the village of New York Mills—the road leading past the three great factories—passers-by are attracted by the work going briskly forward on the Walcott Memorial Church. The foundation and the walls of the basement have been completed and several feet of brick have already been laid. The work has sufficiently progressed to give an inspector an idea of what the beauty and solidity of the structure of worship will be when completed. A busy gang of men is now engaged in the work of erecting the edifice and the prospects pre that its completion will be a matter of but few months. This evening at 8 o'clock, one hour after the mills have closed, the corner stone of the new building will be laid with interesting ceremonies. The church will take its name from the Walcott family of New York Mills. In his will the late Benjamin S. Walcott left a bequest of \$10,000 to the church, to be used in the erection of a new church edifice when the congregation had decided to take such a step. A little over a year ago the handsome addition of \$10,000 was made to this fund by William D. Walcott, and the first steps move was toward building the Walcott Memorial Church. Mr. Walcott also agreed to furnish any amount over \$10,000 which would be necessary to complete the building according to the plans.

THE NEW CHURCH.

The Walcott Memorial Church is to be located about one hundred yards below the present Presbyterian Church. The ground was formerly owned by Walcott & Campbell, who presented it to the Presbyterian Society upon the receipt of the deed of the present church lot. The latter is located nearly in front of the Middle Mills. The society gains a considerable portion of land in the transfer. Beside this act of generosity Mr. Walcott purchased the material of the old (or present) church from the society, paying a liberal sum therefor. Upon the completion of the new building the old church edifice will of course be torn down. The contract for building the Walcott Memorial Church was let to Contractor Mason of Syracuse, and the plans were drawn by Architect White of the same city. The intention was to combine strength with beauty in the architecture. The appearance of the church when completed will be extremely attractive. The roof will be peaked at a sharp angle, and will be surmounted by two towers of different sizes. The length of the church will be 107 feet, and the width about sixty feet. Every convenience known to modern church edifices will be provided. The dimensions of the grand auditorium will be 73 by 60 feet. The floor of the auditorium is to be elevated about ten feet above the level of the road, the basement being used for Sunday school purposes. At the rear of this basement, and behind the Sunday school room, is a series of little apartments, embracing a compact little kitchen, which will be used for entertainment purpose. The grand entrance will be surmounted by a handsomely-worked stone arch, and to the latter will be attached lamps of colored glass. This main entrance is to be 7 feet wide. Besides it there are to be two doors leading into the basement in the rear of the building and connecting with stairs proceeding to the auditorium; also a door near the front entrance. Adjoining the Sunday school room proper in the basement are infant class and Bible class rooms, separated from the main room by a glass partition. The ceiling of the basement will be 12 feet from the floor. The vestibule in front of the auditorium will have a depth of 18 feet. The choir loft is located near to the left of the pulpit and on the right is a neat little toilet room. The auditorium is supposed to have a seating capacity of 500 and the little gallery will accommodate 100 more. The grand tower will be 14 feet 6 inches square at the base and 112 feet high; the smaller one will have an altitude of 65 feet. The eaves of the roof will be but 23 feet from the ground, while the peak will be 30 feet higher. From these dimensions an idea of the shape of the future edifice can be gained. In the tower will be hung a bell to be donated by E. M. Stiles, of Paterson, N. J., formerly a member of the Society. As stated, particular attention is to be paid to the firmness and compactness of the structure. The bricks are pressed and some of the stone trimmings are elaborately cut.

THE COST.

The cost of erecting the edifice will probably reach between \$25,000 and \$30,000. Of the total amount the congregation is required to provide the sum necessary for furnishing the interior only. The following gentlemen constitute the Building Committee: W. D. Walcott, John Cahler, Dr. H. N. Porter, Rev. C. B. Austin, W. Stewart Walcott and George H. Warren.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS.

One of the features of the new structures will be the memorial windows. Of these nine have already been promised by the following donors:

H. N. Porter, M. D. To his deceased parents.
Mr. J. S. Wood and family—To his parents.
Rev. Ira Pettibone and family—To Mrs. Pettibone.
Four windows in memory of deceased members of the Walcott family.
Rev. James Norton—in memory of his deceased parents.
Miss F. Schrier and family in memory of deceased parents.

ITS HISTORY.

The Presbyterian Church of New York Mills was founded in 1830, with fifty-four members. On the 23d of March, 1831, almost a year from the date of the organization, Rev. George Foote, the first pastor of the church, was regularly installed. The second pastor was the Rev. Lewis H. Loss, who was installed February 10, 1833. Soon after the beginning of his term of ministry the first church erected by the society was burned. The fire occurred on a cold Sunday morning in February, 1834, and originated from a stove in the basement. The building was a wooden structure located where the present Presbyterian Church now stands. In the same month action was taken upon the building of a new church, and the same year it was finished and dedicated, at a cost of \$3,000 including an insurance of \$1,000 upon the old church. It is a plain brick structure, fifty-five by thirty-five feet, with four large windows on each side. The basement, entered from the front, is divided into two sections, the front being used for prayer meetings and infant school, and with the smaller one in the rear, in times of social gatherings. High, broad steps lead up to the audience room, which contains two aisles and four rows of seats, having, together with the galleries, a seating capacity of four hundred. The new church was dedicated on the 25th of October, 1833, by the Rev. Beriah Green. The clergyman who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Loss was the Rev. Ira Pettibone, who was called to New York Mills, May 2, 1836. After a stay of nine years with his charge Mr. Pettibone resigned, assigning falling health as the cause. The retiring clergyman is said to have accomplished much good among his flock. After an interval of six months after his withdrawal the Rev. N. Dwight Graves, of Auburn Seminary, received a call to the Mills and accepted. His installation took place January 13, 1846. His pastorate was of three years' duration and he was succeeded by the Rev. R. R. Kirk. Soon after Mr. Kirk's arrival he recommended a more extended confession than that in use, and a new one was adopted. This confession has been in use since that time. Mr. Kirk remained with the congregation until November 12, 1848. He was a favorite with his little flock, and portraits of him may be found in the houses of several of his former parishioners. He died suddenly in New York November 10, 1852, of heart disease. After a brief vacancy the Rev. Chester Fitch accepted a call and was installed. He served eleven years, his pastorate being the longest in the history of the Society. In 1860 the Rev. V. Leroy Lockwood began his labors at the Mills, and in 1875 he was succeeded by the present pastor, the Rev. Charles B. Austin. In July, 1861, William D. Walcott was chosen an Elder of the Church. The original Board of Trustees were four in number: Benjamin S. Walcott, John Puffer, David Shapley and James M. Arthur. The others who have been appointed from

time to time follow in the order of their first election: Nathan Cole, William D. Walcott, Stephen S. Sheldon, Howell H. Merriman, David Shapley, I. W. Hand, John Morrison, Seth Maitland, William R. Yount, Charles D. Walcott, Alfred Wigg, Charles McLean, Samuel Campbell, Hugh McAllister, A. Rockwell, D. Hollenback, John Calder, John Henderson, George St. George, Thomas Beveridge, George Hamilton, John Urquhart, Alanson Gladwin, John Bayne, John McLean, Dr. Norton Porter, John Thomson, S. R. Campbell, Dr. H. N. Porter. Of these the two longest in service are William D. Walcott and John Cahler, for 20 and 23 years respectively. The church has had a fortunate immunity from debt, owing to the liberality of some of its principal members. William D. Walcott is the only one of those who organized the church who is now a member of it, and Leander S. Wood the only member left of the 43 who united at the communion following.

MEMBERSHIP.

As stated above a little over 51 persons joined the original organization. This number has been increasing gradually, and in 1876 when the history of the church was published the records of the Society showed a membership of 175. During the Rev. Mr. Austin's incumbency this has been further increased, and at the present time the membership in clubs about 300 persons.

THIS EVENING'S CEREMONIES.

The following ceremonies will occur at the laying of the corner-stone this evening: Singing by the Presbyterian and M. E. Choirs; invocation; reading Scripture selections; paper prepared and read by Mr. L. S. Wood; statement of the contents of the box and laying of the corner-stone; prayer; singing; addresses by Rev. S. C. Brown, D.D., Rev. Wm. A. Bartlett, D.D., Hon. Wm. J. Bacon and Rev. L. O. Best; singing; benediction. The box to be used is made of copper and tin, and will be placed in the northeast corner of the building. The stone which will receive it has neatly chiselled on the outside the figures "1881." The trowel to be used has already had a similar experience in the laying of the corner-stone of Plymouth Church, Chicago.

AN OLD MEMBER.

The paper to be read by Leander S. Wood consists of a collection of notes upon the past history of the church. These will embrace facts and reminiscences which were not alluded to by the Rev. C. B. Austin, in his very complete history of the Society. Mr. Wood was chosen as historian of the corner stone exercises, because he is one of the two oldest members of the Presbyterian Church. In addition, he has been an observant continuant, and has treasured up in his memory many little items of the Society's career which will prove of great interest to the present members of the flock. Mr. Wood states that the only episode of importance which has occurred since 1876, when the history was published, was the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary, March 18, 1880. No change has occurred in the ministry of the Society and the membership has slowly increased in size.

The deed of the land on which the Walcott Memorial Church is being erected is inalienable—it can neither be sold nor encumbered by any party or parties no matter what their privileges.

A HANDSOME ADDITION.

When completed the Walcott Memorial Church will be a source of justifiable pride to the Presbyterian Society of New York Mills. The symmetrical little structure will hereafter be the architectural feature of the busy little village, and its tall towers will be visible in the adjacent country for miles around. The church will have a deeper significance than that of exterior and interior beauty; it will be a perpetual testimony to the beneficence of the family whose name has been identified with the growth of the village as well as the widening influence of the Presbyterian religion therein. As soon as the corner stone has been laid no time will be lost in pushing the neat structure to completion. Following closely upon the celebration of the Fiftyth Anniversary, the solemnization of this evening's ceremonies will be another auspicious event in the annals of the Presbyterian Society. Its condition was never before so flourishing as now.

—A loan woman—the female pawn broker.

—What vegetable can draw the most water? The pumpkin.

—“Let’s strip the light fantastic toe,” said the chiropodist to his patient.

—George Smith calls his dog, “Tailor” because he has a large stock of pants.

—The “court house” is what a man called his residence—five single daughters.

—Mrs. Partington says that a man fell down the other day in an applejack fit and that his life was extirpated.

—A dry goods house advises lawn dresses that will wash. Of course! Why wouldn’t they? Isn’t it the business of a laundress to wash?

—A horse dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was timid. “Not at all,” said he; “he often passes many nights by himself in the stable.”

—“Here, waiter, this salmon isn’t nearly as fresh as that we had on Sunday,” “Not as fresh as that we had on Sunday, sir?”

—The meanest man on record is in New York. He invited a night watchman to take a drink, and slyly put in a powerful stimulant that would keep the man awake all night.

—“Yes,” said he, gloomily, “I think I am unpopular. The neighbors are down on me. They want me out of the way.”

Why, hang it, they’ve asked me to act as umpire for a base ball game.

—“Don’t you barge?” asked Mr. Smith, of Miss Jones, on the piazza of the West End, Long Branch.

“No,” said she, “no I never bathe—none of our family ever do!”

—“Gracious!” exclaimed Smith, “is it possible?”

—A four-year-old boy, while being put to bed by his mother, who is rather stout said to her in a drowsy tone, “Mamma?”

“What, my child?” “Did God make you?”

Receiving an affirmative answer, he asked, “What, my child?” “Did God make you?”

—“Mother,” said a fair-haired urchin, as he climbed into bed, “Well where did you get the meat?”—*San Francisco Post.*

“I don’t want to go to Sunday School. I want to go fishing,” my son. “They’re good and go to their Sunday-school. President,”

“Well,” “But the fish won’t bite on Sunday.”

“I’ll risk it anyway; maybe there’s some at’s like me.”

—“Goin’ to school this mornin’,”

strong’s land

the corner of land owned by

om the centre of the road to a

—“I thought I heard him just

him,” said the apparently stolid Irishman.

“No, mum, it’s not yet that I didn’t say

himself. So he asked, carelessly, though

and thus discover her real feeling toward

Katie, looking just a trifle disappointed.

“I was sure that it was his voice,” said

himself. “No,” said Katie, “I am afraid you

are getting lazy,” and Katie walked off

with her most queasily step.

“Where,” whistled Harold. “Thinks too

much of herself?”

He did not notice her return, nor that she

came into the parlor soon after. But when

he had finished his order he threw himself

down on a mossy seat, and tossing his wig

off, began fanning himself vigorously with

his straw hat.

“I can’t wear that confounded wig any

longer,” he exclaimed. “It’s color even is

enough to set me on fire. Now, this is re-

freshing. What if your mistress should

chase being given to him, rushed to the

summer house and laid the wig at his mis-

treous feet

Adam. I wonder if—

“Why,” Bepko, what have you there?”

the cried. “It looks like the scalp of old

Adam. I wonder if—

And she broke into a shout of ringing

laughter as she met the astonished Harold

face to face.

“Mr. Carleton!”

“Miss Katie!”

“Then unable to resist it, he also broke

demurely, at last.

“Oh! so you’re not Adam,” said Katie,

“No,” he cried, “I will be if you’ll only be my

boyish impudence.

“Oh, Kate! Miss Kate!”

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om the centre of the road to a

strong’s land

the corner of land owned by

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S E R M O N .

2 TIMOTHY, i. 12.—“For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.”

WE gather round the beds of the dying, and listen with deep interest to their last words, and watch with unwearied anxiety the last emotions of the soul. Their thoughts, their feelings, whatever may have been their course of life, are noted and remembered. We watch their breathing. We note every sigh. And as the dark valley is to be entered—as the spirit is to travel away alone—we are anxious to know every pulsation of the soul, and catch the last lisp of the lingering spirit before it quite leaves its clay. With what deep solicitude do we gather round even the stranger, too, to see how the spirit encounters the dread monster, Death! With all our souls we watch its exit, to see if it is saddened with despair, and racked

with fear and awful forebodings of the future, or buoyed up by an unseen hand, and gladdened with the blessed prospect of joys to come. There is an interest excited, there are emotions, tender, deep, powerful, impressed on the memory, that not all the mutations of time can efface. We would go farther, but it is not permitted. We would lift the veil that separates time from eternity, and look beyond, and see how the spirit fares in the spirit land.

Our text presents some of the last words of Paul. Paul, the prisoner, about to suffer martyrdom. He is here penning his last inspired record, as he is about to leave the Church and the world. Here is a plain record of his own feelings in view of death. He had embraced the Gospel and its Christ fully. He lived for the spread of that Gospel, and we see the effect which these glorious doctrines had upon him in view of the near approach of his dissolution. He had embraced, and preached, and recommended this Gospel everywhere, and now he dies by it; and his language is, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

And not only was he unshaken in view of death, but he longed to depart and be with Christ. He had gazed on heavenly things; he had such views of Christ, he so wished to be

delivered from every defilement of sin, that he greatly desired to go and be with Him he most loved. Paul had passed beyond all those things which so much engross ordinary Christian minds. What attractions had wealth, or pleasure, or fame for him? To all these attractions he was dead. Christ was his, and all things necessary for him were included in Christ. One only desire remained, that Christ might be glorified in him, be it by life or by death. Hear his own wonderful words: "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death; for to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

The struggle of Paul was downward. It was to keep himself here. The buoyant spirit, already on tip-toe, with half-expanded wing, would fly away and be at rest. The struggle was to fold the wings and wait, and work on till God should call him home.

The Apostle declares, "I know whom I have believed." Here is no doubt, no wavering. He stood immovable on a rock. The winds might roar, and the lightnings flash, and the waters dash their crested billows on that rock, but he is all unmoved. Never was there a more firm, unshaken confidence.

Could Paul—and can we, who have the faith of Paul—look thus calmly, yea, triumphantly, on the tomb and beyond it? Yes, Paul rested his firm persuasion on the knowledge of Christ. There is this sustaining knowledge of Christ.

1st. There is a knowledge of his history. We have this history in our hands. His mission,—the end of his mission. God manifest in the flesh. The prophecies meet in him with a complete fulfillment. He prophesied, and his own prophecies have been minutely fulfilled. He healed the sick, restored sight to the blind; he calmed the sea's elemental war; he raised the dead. His birth was heralded by angels; his holy life, his atoning death, and his resurrection are all recorded,—recorded by different men, and so written that it is beyond a doubt. There could be no collusion. Here is the work for our reasoning powers,—we are to judge for ourselves, and know that the Gospel is no cunningly-devised fable. We may know whether the Gospel is a myth, or whether the events are recorded as they actually took place. Never must we assert that faith is to usurp the place of reason. No! let reason, with all its power and acumen, examine all the great facts of Gospel history, and judge honestly. The Gospel is held up for the boldest, keenest criticisms. Our religion challenges investigation. Let the rays of light from science's highest standpoint

be converged to a focus on all its naked facts. It was made for all time, for the highest point of mental culture that the ages shall beget.

2d. There is a knowledge of Christ to all who shall heartily embrace his teachings. There is promised to such a new life all unknown to the world. The sons of God are reborn, —translated to a new kingdom. They possess a new life, known only to those who are living it. How do we know what sound is, but by hearing? How do we know what light is, but by seeing? How do we know animal life, but by living it? And can the Gospel do for us what it promises to do, and leave no trace of its work on our hearts? Shall we begin a new life, implanted by the very Spirit of God,—a life which has its food, and laws, and growth,—and know nothing of it? Shall we grow up into God in a life angelic, and not know it? Strange! Shall the highest, noblest life of that immortal creature, man, expand and beautify, and leave the mind all unconscious of its existence? This life is simply what it promises to those to whom He gives power to become the sons of God. “The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are his children.”

It is the living, abiding knowledge of this life, unseen and

unknown by the world, that baffles hell, and takes out of all the future every shadow of a fear. It is this very knowledge that has converted the martyr's flame into a triumphal chariot, to bear the rapt spirit away to heaven. And here may we not say that those who have not this witness in themselves are bound, by the great principles that govern their lives in all other matters, to listen to the great cloud of the true and honest witnesses of God? In all the fields of science there is no fact better established than this new life of God in the soul, although so widely disbelieved.

3d. Paul knew that he was once dead, with no outgoing of active obedience to God. His heart understood not the chief end of man. But by the breath of the Almighty he was made alive; he awoke to a life hid with Christ in God. He died to all hopes of salvation grounded on his own righteousness. He lived, and he knew it, in a rich life of godliness.

4th. He knew Christ in his adaptation to man's deep, heartfelt necessities; and will not the soul rest with a firm persuasion as it views Christ in that character, and in those offices that so recommend him to the troubled sinner's soul? If our soul rest sure and steadfast, held by a sheet-anchor, we must know in whom we believe. We must know that the

arm that promises to save us is able. He is the Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God; able to save to the uttermost all who come to God through him. And He must be as tender, too, as he is powerful. We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities. When our adversary roars about us as a lion, we know the Saviour's great mission was to vanquish him and destroy his works. When we look into the darkness of the tomb, we hear the voice that spoke to the cold remains of Lazarus, saying, *Come forth!* Yes, we know full well that the Saviour's great triumph is to be in the graveyard,—the spot where our hearts have been torn with anguish, and our bitterest tears have fallen. All that are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth,—his children to everlasting life. Send thought forth, and can you imagine a more complete adaptation to every feeling, every want of sinful man, than is found in Christ? Can you add to that character? What beauty, what perfection is wanting?

In wealth, in poverty, in prosperity, in adversity, in sickness, in health, in life, in death, in time, in eternity, every want is met, every moment is provided for. All are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

But the question may here be asked, Is the Christian agitated by no fear? Do no doubts ever shake the equilibrium of his mind? Yes, it is sometimes so, but the fear, we think, never arises from any supposed defect in Christ. We never doubt his wisdom, or power, or goodness, or faithfulness, or compassion. The doubt is as to whether we have made an unreserved deposit of all into His gracious hands. The fear arises from the lingerings of the legal spirit still within us. The deposit, we believe, is safe, if it has been truly made. The fear, if any linger in the heart, is, we cannot say,

“Other refuge have I none :
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.”

But some doubting, trembling soul may say, “Paul’s case differs widely from my own; he had a great advantage over me. He might use these emphatic words of triumph, but they are not for me. He was inspired. He spoke as he was moved by the Holy Ghost.” All this is true. But his inspiration and his casting his soul on Christ are two very different things. Did he not put away the rags of his own self-righteousness, and become a child, and fall into Jesus’ arms like any other man? Did his inspiration elevate his rags into Christ’s place? and did God give him a tongue to boast on

this account? Did his inspiration take the place of his faith, or do part of the work of faith? Was not the simple, child-like, trustful deposit of Paul, and all that pertained to him in his salvation, the same as that of any poor, helpless one who has had communicated to him the spark of eternal life, and been enabled to look with triumph on the tomb? Was his commitment of soul to the safe-keeping of his Saviour any more entire or soul-sustaining than millions who have since believed the word of the Apostle? Is it not the same faith in us and our children, that is to do the battle of life,—overcome the world?—that is to bruise Satan under our feet, shortly, and crown us at last, through Christ, blessed victors?

The death of the Christian is peculiar; he stands by himself. His peculiarity consists in this: He dies first—and often long before the spirit leaves the body—to all help in himself, in human reason, or human philosophy, as equal to the last dread encounter. He leans not on human helpers. He lifts his eye to the Cross, and says, By this I conquer. What others rely on, he ignores; and the heart's heartiest utterances are—

“In my hands no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

He conquers—yea, more. “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” Thanks unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Death! we know not what it is. We never have died, and no kind friend has or will come back to inform us. We know something of its consequence. The spirit leaves the body, and the body returns to corruption. But whatever may be death, that unrevealed event that lies just before us all we leave with our blessed Saviour. He knows it all; and whatever it be, it has no harm for us. He is in it, he pervades it, he presides over it, his power controls it, and all its consequences. We sink only to rise. The seed dies to spring up, in an eternal harvest of beauty and glory, on the banks of the river of life.

Are there masterful principalities and powers in the dark unknown? What cares the redeemed spirit? Is not Christ far above all principalities and powers, and every name that is named both in this and the world to come? Are there friendly powers? They are one with Christ, and with us to befriend us and enrich us with their own skill and knowledge. Are they mighty, dark, hateful, malignant? We have nothing to fear, for they are under our Captain's feet.

In all things we are more than conquerors through Him

who loved us. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

This commitment of all our interests to Christ is for the present as well as the future: for life as well as death. If the soul be safe, all life's trials must be accounted small. In truth, under the Divine economy, they are converted into our helpers, to waft on the soul towards its desired haven.

And is not this one great cause of Paul's continuous joy? The soul resting here, will not every affliction appear light, as it is elevating the eternal weight of glory more fully into view? And hence the joyous outbursts of Paul, in stripes, in imprisonments, in perils by sea and by land, and by robbers, in tumults and fasting, in deaths oft, besides the care of all the churches,—*yet always rejoicing!* The soul being safe, is there not always linked to every burden an elastic, uplifting joy? A man shipwrecked, who sees his wife and children safe with him on the shore, will care little that a casket of jewels fell overboard, however valuable it might be.

"A man's great interests may be more safe when, like Bunyan with his little blind daughter, he is in prison, than when

in a palace ; when on a pallet of straw, than on a bed of down ; when gnawing hunger constrains him to say, Give us this day our daily bread, than when encompassed by the wealth of Cræsus."

How momentous the question to be settled for all future time, by the Apostle, by all ! On what shall I lean ? Where is the place of safety ? Where shall I rest ? How has this question troubled those under the light of the Gospel, where that light has never shone inward ! They seek rest but find none. How has it disquieted the poor heathen, and driven him under the ponderous wheels of Juggernaut,—driven him to fasting, and penance, and every self-inflicting torture the most ingenious and excruciating that the human mind can invent,—driven him to immolate the fruit of his body, the very life and center of his affections ! O, where shall rest be found ? The earth, sun, moon, and stars give back no answer. Unaided reason cannot tell. If man ever finds it, God must reveal it to him. It must come from above. Paul found it in Christ, in knowing him as one to whom the Holy Ghost had communicated, having taken richly of Jesus, in all the fullness of his wisdom, and power, and faithfulness, and righteousness.

"He is able to keep that which I have committed unto

him against that day." A day for the glorious manifestation of the sons of God. A day of jubilee for God's holy universe. A day to which the earth, long subject to vanity, is represented as looking forward in hope: the adoption—to wit, the redemption of the body: when she herself, long groaning under the imposed transgressions of man, restless under the burden of sin, shall be regenerated,—come out of her pollution and put on the vernal beauty of her youth, and rejoice with God's rejoicing children. A day when despised, oppressed virtue is to appear in her own lovely garments, and rejoice evermore. A day when Christ, who has redeemed the body as well as the soul—which, in our pains, and corruption, and death, we cannot well understand—is to exhibit his workmanship to an assembled universe. "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." No longer weak, hungering, pained, the organ of sin; but transformed into an auxiliary of the soul in all the high business of glorifying God,—every faculty and every sense an engine for executing the will of God, and gathering in new sources of happiness! This is the redemption of the body.

Although the children of God, we must go down to the dust—we must moulder back to earth. But we shall hear the

resurrection trump, and shall come forth, our very dust made radiant by the breath of our Saviour, having the Divine Sonship written on its every particle, as well as on the redeemed spirit.

And as we move forward to the grave to deposit all that remains of him, so much beloved and honored, God bids us rejoice as well as weep, remembering that the very dust redeemed by Christ is the object of his most tender and watchful care, till he shall bid it rise, and array it in garments of heavenly beauty like unto his own glorious body.

Our honored father, Mr. BENJAMIN S. WALCOTT, was born in Cumberland, R. I., in the year 1785. He died at the age of seventy-six. He commenced the business of manufacturing cotton, in this State, at the Oneida Factory, in the year 1809, at which time the manufacturing interests of this country were in their infancy; and the energy and ability which were requisite to conduct successfully an experiment of the kind (for such it really was) the deceased was found to possess in an eminent degree. Associated with him, at that early day, as an assistant, was Deacon Wood, who is still with us. Mr. Walcott became connected in business relations with Mr. Benjamin Marshall, of Troy (deceased something more than three

years since), in the erection of manufacturing establishments in these villages, and, from that period till a few years since, he continued his active and responsible duties as its head and representative.

In summing up the history of that great and good man, *David*, we have this very *significant* expression. "After he had served his own generation, by the will of God, he fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers." He *served his generation!* And he did not confer benefits involuntarily in the pursuit of his own selfish schemes; "*he served it.*" What a striking difference we find in the characters of men! How few look to the general consequences of their actions! "They toil on through life only for their own selfish purposes, caring little for the effect of their labors on the general current of human affairs." Selfishness often, not too often, perhaps, defeats itself; it clips its own wings and falls to the ground. Our departed friend took a broad survey of human life. Generations to come were ever before the eye of his mind, and time was but a stepping-stone to the vast future which is revealed to us in the Gospel.

His early education was in New England, where he was reared under the teachings of an evangelical faith, and in the strictest rules of morality; and these sterling principles of jus-

tice, truth, and integrity never forsook him. He never gave way to those youthful vices which blind the intellect, and benumb the conscience, and weaken our physical power. He never labored under the unavailing regret of having wasted in indolence, and folly, and dissipation, his earlier years. His friends never were anxious and greatly perplexed as to the path of life he would pursue. He was manly, ingenuous, and upright, from the beginning. He scorned all double-dealing, looked with deep indignation on every fraud—on all that crafty duplicity which so often takes shelter under legal sanctions. He had weighed well the divine principle: He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. He knew that a little speck of villainy, like the minute decay in an apple, would soon vitiate the whole character; and do we not all learn more and more to prize an *honest* man above all price?

These principles, of course, soon inspired with confidence all persons with whom he transacted business, and all in his employ believed, not only that he would do justly, but also that they would be remembered kindly in the day of adversity; and when the dark days of life came they found in him a friend indeed. He ever freely encouraged those who were honestly endeavoring to rise; and many are the individuals, in different parts of our land, who in early life came under

his influence, that have arisen to position and wealth, who have thanked him most cordially for his friendly counsels, and affirmed that they owed all their success to his fostering care. And to-day, though dead, he is speaking in the lives and examples of hundreds and thousands of true men and true women.

He set his face, from the first, unwaveringly against every degrading habit. All Sabbath desecration he discountenanced. This sacred day ever found him punctually in the house of God. He knew that no community could truly prosper without a proper regard to God's ordinances. He rightly appreciated the value of this day on the cleanliness, the manners, and morals, and religion of every people. All games of chance he ignored, knowing the fearful consequences that come out of the smallest beginnings of evil. All profanity he sternly rebuked—a *sin most gratuitous and heaven-daring*. He early embraced the true principles of the temperance reform, and from its inception to his death was he its unfaltering friend; and this village stands forth as a beautiful illustration of what might be done if men of influence would lay aside the cup, and throw in their hearts, to roll forward this heaven-born reformation.

Mr. WALCOTT has made his mark. No one, I am sure,

will deny, who knows this place and its forming influences, that *he* is its father. He originated that system of things under which these villages have grown up from nothing to their present beauty, and usefulness, and prosperity. His hand drew the plan and laid the foundation stones,—his was the moulding, guiding mind; the churches, the schools, the libraries, the peace, the purity, the integrity, the temperance, the industry, the regularity—all, in fine, which make these manufactories compare so favorably with others—are due mainly to that truthful example, and those worthy principles, which were ever the ornament of his character.

I have spoken of his practice and his principles. He had lived a life of the strictest morality till about the age of forty, when he discovered that, like Paul, he was going about to establish his own righteousness, and had not submitted himself to the righteousness of God. God, in the greatness of his mercy, met him by his Spirit. He was slain by the law. He discovered that he was a sinner; he prayed, he begged, he agonized for pardon. All night, as many of you have heard from his own lips, he lay upon the floor and cried for forgiveness. The rags of his own righteousness, he plainly saw, could not cover him. In this dark valley of conviction, where he had struggled for weeks, God said to his troubled

spirit, Peace, be still. He became a child of God—born not of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God—and, from that time, God, his Saviour, life, death, time, and eternity, his relation to God, and his duties to his fellow-men, he has seen from a new stand-point. A divine life began, which, for thirty-six years, has borne precious, heavenly fruit.

Mr. WALCOTT was constitutionally diffident. A man of few words, but these full of meaning; his looks and words were unmistakable. He was never impulsive, always carefully canvassing the subject under consideration; and when his conclusions were formed he stood firm. He ever maintained the bearing of an accomplished American gentleman; never haughty, rude, or overbearing. His tastes refined, manners gentle, courteous, and winning. He adorned every social circle in which he moved, for he was a careful observer of the proprieties of intelligent, refined social life; his words were fitly chosen, and fell in at the proper time and place. Politeness is defined by some one as benevolence in little things: no one ever more assiduously and kindly consulted the convenience and happiness of others. Although not favored in early life with the advantages of a liberal education, he could appreciate the value and influence of educated minds, as his recent munificent donation to one of our best colleges

will abundantly testify. Other schools of learning shared in his charity. He lived not unto himself; he not only gave freely into the great channels of public benevolence, but, as long as his hands could move, or his feet walk, he went about to cheer every neighbor he could reach with little kindnesses. His aim was to pour as many rills of happiness as possible through a suffering world. The poor widow and the fatherless have lost a friend. How many will rise up and call him blessed! Verily, it is far better to have our names written on the grateful hearts of the poor than on the tablets of fame! What a precious legacy has he left to his children, and to us all, in his example of manly Christian beneficence! How much the Church of Christ needs such lights to lead her on to the fullness of God's love! That voice, though he sleeps in death, will long be heard in these streets; that revered and loved form, that peaceful, benevolent countenance, that patient look, will not soon be forgotten. We unitedly lift our hands to-day and cry, *My father! my father!*

We have in the deceased a striking example of the power of unconscious influence. His acts spoke. Being converted late in life, and in the full tide of business, this fact, connected with a very retiring disposition, prevented that readiness in social prayer and exhortation which would have been more developed

if, like Timothy, the dew of his youth had been given to God. But had his conversion been early, he would have been known more in deed than in word. By a constant Christian walk, by frequent acts of Gospel charity, by ever adhering to the right and true, he has far outdone in Christian influence the many who have talked much and done little. Very far was he removed from the narrow spirit of the sectarian; his mind was eminently catholic; he loved and could appreciate goodness out of the bounds of his own sect. He loved his own Church, but his acts of benevolence overflowed all denominational lines.

He was eminently successful in business, possessing talents equaled by few; but he escaped, by his uniform liberality, that contracting, covetous spirit, which increasing prosperity so often engenders. He gave from principle, and giving became with him an ennobling habit. He realized, as much as any man I ever knew, the luxury of doing good. I never saw the first man who accused him of loving money. When losses came, he met them with a calm, Christian temper, knowing that his true riches were all untouched.

He was a true patriot as well as philanthropist. He loved his country, and in his extreme weakness he kept himself informed as to all her trials, and dangers, and sufferings. He wept over her, he prayed for her, and gave his thousands to

preserve her Constitution, her liberty, her life; and while the waves of holy indignation would surge over his troubled spirit against the vile traitors who are stabbing at her very vitals, he lifted his heart to God in prayer for our deluded enemies, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

His example as a citizen, a man, a Christian, is worthy of all imitation; and with delight will his friends hold in remembrance his private domestic character. In the tender, endearing relations of husband and father, he was most exemplary. That circle, so long animated by his presence and cheered by his smiles, is now desolate. He sleeps in death.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

He stood forth a bright example of Christian patience; even under the severest pains he never murmured, but ever greeted his friends with a refreshing smile. Months before he left us, his outer man felt the touch of death. His limbs failed to do their appropriate work; his arms hung palsied by his side; he was almost as helpless as an infant. It was a sore

trial to him, who had always been helping others, to be so dependent. But he was submissive; and, while the outer man decayed, the inner man received new touches of polish and beauty, under the chisel of the Divine Artist. Few disciples have had such opportunities of seeing the lessons of Jesus embodied in life, as we who have stood by his bedside. He has taught us how to *suffer* as well as to *do* the will of God.

After retiring from active business, which carried him on to almost seventy, he was permitted, with his wife, in company with Prof. UPHAM, of Bowdoin College, and Dr. J. P. THOMPSON, of New York, to visit foreign lands. The manners, customs, and institutions which he witnessed seemed to impress him with all the zest of such scenes upon youth and early manhood. He gathered precious food for reflection through all his remaining days, and his memory, to the very last, held with increasing delight these varied objects of interest. His feet had stood where Christ stood. He had seen Jerusalem. He had crossed the Kedron, and visited sad Gethsemane, and gathered mementoes from the sacred garden. He had traveled up the Mount of Olives, in the very path, no doubt, traveled by our Saviour. He had stood on the ground of ascension. He had opened the Gospels and read the blessed truths just where they fell from the Saviour's lips, and the

lessons of Christ came home with a double power to his heart. He remarked to me, a little time before his death, that he wished every candidate for the ministry, before he entered the pulpit, might visit the Holy Land. But I refer you to his own words, uttered to more than a thousand persons who went forth from this village to greet him and welcome him home: "The cities and countries in which our Saviour sojourned during his abode on the earth, have been among our prolonged travels. Our feet have trod upon the beautiful Mount of Olives, at the foot of which stands the garden of Gethsemane, where we gathered flowers and looked upon the ancient olive trees, said to be the silent witnesses of our Saviour's passion. Within and without the walls of Jerusalem have we many times wandered, and often have we ascended and enjoyed sweet meditations on the beautiful Mount Zion. Mount Sinai has also been among the objects which we have looked upon and trod over with deep emotions of sacred interest, *never, never* to be forgotten."

Mr. WALCOTT was elected one of the first elders in the Presbyterian Church in this place. His loss we, the members of the Session, and the whole Church, deeply feel. He was a corner-stone; but we thank God he was so long spared to assist us by his prayers and guide us by his wisdom. May his

mantle fall upon us! Our beloved father, whose remains we this day deposit in the tomb, firmly believed the great truths which Paul lived and preached. In conversation with him during his sickness in regard to his future prospects, I asked him if he had no fear of death. He looked at me a moment, while a heavenly smile irradiated every feature, with a soul full of sublime faith, he said slowly and firmly, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." His faith reduced Jordan to a very narrow crossing. Has not Christ abolished death? Is not death the passage into life? Is not death the birth of a true, unclouded manhood? Are not we the dead? The living are beyond the tomb.

Mr. WALCOTT said to me in his last hours, in his extreme weakness, when his voice had failed and he was capable of only a low, faint whisper, as he called his beloved wife and children and friends to his side to give them his parting words of love and consolation: "I hope for grace, that I may have patience to wait; I can cast my burden on the Lord; I can trust in him; I have no fear of death."

The Revelator has said: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Blessed man! he has visited the earthly Jerusalem, and has

now gone up to the heavenly, whose pavements are gold, whose gates are pearl, whose sentinels are angels, where death never enters, "where they need no light of the sun, or moon, or stars, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light of it."

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

From the Utica Daily Herald, Jan. 13, 1862.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN S. WALCOTT, ESQ.

A gentleman, to whom, perhaps, more than any other is due the prominence of Oneida County in manufactures, has passed away. BENJAMIN S. WALCOTT, Esq., of New York Mills, died on Sunday afternoon, at one o'clock, closing his eyes in death in the midst of a population every member of which revered him for the excellent qualities of his head and heart.

For nearly half a century Mr. WALCOTT has been identified with New York Mills, which, by his labors, and those who, long associated with him, have carried out his spirit and policy, has become a model village, where skillful manufacture produces fabrics known over the world, and industry is adorned by the courtesy and the social habits which make life happy, and the higher interests of morality and religion are cultivated with more care than the material arts which are the wealth of the inhabitants. The deceased built the original mills at this place in 1825, as agent of Mr. BENJAMIN MARSHALL, of Troy, and in that capacity conducted them for over twenty-two years, with remarkable success. It was about fourteen years ago that Mr. WALCOTT became main proprietor of the establishment, then extensive and thriving.

Mr. WALCOTT was born in Cumberland, R. I., September 29, 1786. His father was a manufacturer, and he inherited the tact and skill which have crowned

his long life with such abundant success. The capacity and industry which built up so extensive a manufactory are to be commended ; but the qualities for which the deceased would prefer to be remembered are, the thorough conscientiousness which pervaded all his business relations, and led him to care like a father for the operatives who gathered about him ; the deep moral sentiments which gave tone to his whole life, and made him active in religious enterprises, and the judicious and liberal patron of education. If a heathen poet, pointing to his verses, could boast, "I have reared a monument more perennial than brass," how much more could the deceased point to this thriving manufacturing town, bearing an industrial and moral character not surpassed, and deem it the monument which shall carry down his excellencies to the regard of future generations ; for New York Mills is his work—in its neat and well-arranged factories, in its thrifty habits, and its attention to all movements which can elevate humanity, and in the moral worth which his example and teachings developed and have perpetuated.

Mr. WALCOTT has been a laborious man, but his intelligence was broad and his intellectual and literary tastes high. These led him, a little more than ten years ago, to seek to restore his impaired health by a visit to Egypt and the Holy Land. Among his traveling companions were Rev. Dr. J. P. THOMPSON and Professor UPHAM. His tour furnished him with many pleasant experiences, some of which were recorded in his private letters, published in these columns, and others may be gathered from Dr. THOMPSON's volume, which is dedicated to the deceased ; his return was the occasion of a reception, by the operatives and villagers at his home, which proved at once how he was beloved, and how well his example and habits of kindness and courtesy had been learned by those who had lived within the sphere of his influence.

Mr. WALCOTT made a practice of unostentatious liberality, the record of which will never find its way into types. His munificent donation to Hamilton College, to found a WALCOTT Professorship of the Evidences of Christianity, shows at once his generosity and his religious sentiment.

The venerable man died easily, after long and painful sufferings. A couple of

years since, his right hand and arm became paralytic, and last June his left hand became similarly affected. He had used up his fine physical powers in persistent and prolonged labors. He endured his pains with remarkable patience, but has long been looking for that triumph of the Christian which is "far better."

The funeral will take place on Wednesday or Thursday.

From the Utica Daily Herald, Jan. 16, 1862.

FUNERAL OF B. S. WALCOTT, ESQ.

The attendance at Mr. WALCOTT's funeral yesterday was very large, including not only the residents of New York Mills, but also many from Utica and neighboring towns.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. FITCH, and Rev. Drs. FISHER, FOWLER and GOERTNER took part in the exercises.

A meeting of the employees of the New York Mills Company, and citizens residing in the three villages, was held in the M. E. Church, immediately after the interment of the late B. S. WALCOTT, Esq., to give expression to their respect for his memory.

The meeting was called to order, when GEORGE ST. GEORGE, Esq., was appointed Chairman, and GEO. A. HAMILTON chosen Secretary.

A Committee on Resolutions was then appointed, viz. :—Messrs. CALDER, MANWELL, and SMITH, New York Mills ; ST. GEORGE, SHAW, and BAYNE, Upper Mills ; BEVERIDGE, MACKIE, and JAMIESON, Oneida Mill, who reported through their Chairman, J. CALDER, Esq., the following preamble and resolutions :

"WHEREAS, it has pleased the Great Disposer of all events to remove from our midst the late BENJAMIN S. WALCOTT—a gentleman widely known and respected, and especially endeared to us by his many private virtues; whose charities were manifold, unostentatious and wide-spread; who ever had at heart the best interests of those whom he employed; and who, as a gentleman adorning life in every sphere in which he moved, had few equals and no superiors;

"*Resolved*, That, in the death of Mr. WALCOTT, we lose a pattern of an honorable, noble-minded, energetic business man—one who held justice, honesty, integrity, and morality, to be of more consequence than the mere accumulation of property, and whose governing principle has ever been to pursue a liberal, upright course in all his dealings with his fellow-men.

"*Resolved*, That in the character of the deceased were combined in an eminent degree the qualities of the true Christian and practical philanthropist.

"*Resolved*, That the prosperous villages of which he may be pronounced the parent, will remain enduring monuments of his worth, and his life and example will ever be remembered and cherished by us.

"*Resolved*, That we condole with the family and near relatives of the deceased in their bereavement, and wish them to know that our friendly feelings and sympathies are with them on this trying occasion.

"*Resolved*, That copies of the above preamble and resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and published in the Utica papers.

"GEORGE ST. GEORGE, *Chairman*.

"GEO. A. HAMILTON, *Sec.*"

From the New-York Evangelist, Jan. 23, 1862.

Hamilton College,

CLINTON, ONEIDA CO., N. Y., January 16, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

The funeral solemnities of one of our best and noblest citizens called me to-day to New York Mills. This flourishing manufacturing town stretches along the Sauquoit, for a mile or more, to a point about half a mile from its confluence with the Mohawk. The town itself is worth a visit. Three groups of factories, situated respectively in the southern, central, and northern sections of the town, give employment and maintenance to the entire population. The neat cottages, interspersed with now and then a stately mansion ; the mingled air of quiet and enterprise ; the admirably arranged school-houses and commodious churches ; the absence of all signs of immorality and decay ; the shade-trees and shrubbery along the main street and around the dwellings of many of the inhabitants,—all betoken the influence of religion, enterprise, and culture. These factories combine the perfection of machinery with consummate skill and honesty in their management. Their products are known all over the Union ; and the imprint of "New York Mills" is a guarantee of unrivaled excellence, which your female readers will at once recognize, although they know not the place on the map where they were manufactured.

I have been thus particular in describing this town because it is intimately associated with the life of a good man, of whom the readers of THE EVANGELIST ought not to be ignorant. The originator and builder of these factories—the man by whose talent and industry they were for many years managed—the father of this whole society—we have this afternoon laid, as to his mortal part, in the grave. An immense concourse of people from this town, with many from the neighboring borough of Whitestown and the city of Utica, honored the burial of BENJAMIN S.

WALCOTT. From the admirable sermon preached on this occasion by his pastor, Rev. CHESTER FITCH, I wish to condense a few of the most interesting facts illustrative of his life. Born in Cumberland, R. I., Sept. 29th, 1786, he received from his parents a fair common-school education, industrious habits, and a thorough training in the doctrines and precepts of evangelical religion. These, combined with a naturally vigorous intellect, laid the foundation of his future success. He commenced the business of manufacturing, in this State, in 1809. At that time it was very problematical whether it was possible for this country to compete successfully with Great Britain in this department. Many who embarked in it utterly failed. But Mr. WALCOTT, with singular foresight, anticipated the progress of the nation in this direction, and set himself, with rare sagacity and practical judgment, to assist in producing it. He not only imported the latest improvements in machinery from Great Britain, but improved upon those improvements. In connection with Mr. BENJAMIN MARSHALL, of Troy, he commenced the erection of the New York Mills, in 1825. From that time his progress was steady; factory was added to factory, house after house was erected, until the village assumed its present proportions. His goods were everywhere sought after, because they were the best of their kind. One of the secrets of this success consisted in the fact that he never would employ an immoral person to do his work. Adhering rigidly to this rule, with honest workmen he was sure of an honest product. He declared that in his life he had fully tested the soundness of the maxim, "Honesty is always the best policy." Not only was his name the synonym of honesty, but his work always illustrated it. He early entered into the spirit of the Temperance reform, and the entire society of the town he built up attests the extent of his influence in this direction. No drunkard is ever seen reeling through its streets; this curse is unknown there. Another principle on which he acted was the recognition of the claims of those he employed to be considered and treated as something more in their relations to him than merely operatives, doing so much work, receiving so much pay. He treated them as friends; the younger, especially, as his children. He encouraged merit wherever he saw it; and hundreds of young men attribute

their success in life to his fatherly counsel and material aid. He was the first manufacturer in this country who reduced the working hours of the day from fifteen to twelve. He was the first who introduced the custom of cash-payment, thus allowing those he employed to purchase their supplies where they could do it cheapest and best. In these and other ways he consulted the best interests of those he had gathered around him, and won their sympathy.

Up to the age of forty he was a strictly moral and honest man. Then there came a change ; he entered upon a new life. Through agonizing conviction of his utter sinfulness, he was brought at length into the light of a Christian hope. The Divine Spirit consecrated him to a new and higher work. From this period, for thirty-six years, his life has been that of the just, shining brighter until it passed into the perfect day. Now he prosecuted his work as a Christian, to whom talents, time, and wealth were but possessions entrusted to him for the good of others. Early elected an elder in the Presbyterian Church, he contributed largely to its real progress and prosperity. Although, from his natural diffidence and his conversion in middle life, he never attained facility in speaking or in public prayer, yet his warm sympathy with the pastor and members of the church, his prompt attendance upon religious exercises, his deep interest in the young, and his clear judgment, gave him great influence both as a member and office-bearer. No one was oftener called upon to act the part of a peace-maker, and his decision in any case was accepted as conclusive. Unostentatious in manners, and having a very low estimate of himself, he shunned praise as earnestly as most men seek for it. A man of few words, he formed his opinions and plans with great deliberation ; but, when once formed, he held them with great tenacity, and executed them with marked energy. In his intercourse with others he manifested that which constitutes the highest style of a truly Christian gentleman, a delicate attention to their wishes and feelings. In respect to property, he felt himself to be God's steward. His benefactions flowed in a steady stream, and embraced a wide circle of objects. With a spirit eminently catholic and unsectarian, he assisted, with a liberal hand, institutions and objects outside the pale of his own Church. He recognized the

spirit of Christ in all evangelical denominations, and many who did not worship with him, now rise up and call him blessed. He sought out the poor and the distressed, and in a manner most congenial to their feelings relieved and comforted them. This was his habit even to the close of life. But in addition to these of the unknown deeds of daily beneficence, he contributed generously to public institutions. One of these donations especially demands a recognition here. Although not enjoying in early life the advantages of a liberal education, yet he appreciated highly these advantages, and desired, above all things, to see them consecrated by the spirit of Christianity. Prompted by these feelings, he founded the Professorship of the Evidences of Christianity in this institution—giving \$15,000 of the \$20,000 requisite for this purpose. Thus he has opened a fountain of healthy influence that will flow on, bearing his name down to future generations. While the walls of Hamilton College stand, and Christianity and learning shall there form the thinkers and the speakers who are to elevate and bless the world, so long will the name of WALCOTT be fragrant, and its influence full of life. Would that our rich men could realize in their own experience, as he did, the happiness of such a consecration of their wealth! The Church of Christ sheds her benedictions upon such men, and time only augments their holy influence.

Mr. WALCOTT, possessing this spirit, could not be anything less than a true patriot—a noble citizen of our noble country. In this hour of her trial he gave his thousands to aid her in this great struggle with rebellion. He did it early, promptly, and without solicitation, counting property and life itself as nothing in comparison with the great interests at stake.

He had for many years desired to visit the Holy Land, and some five years ago this desire was gratified. In company with Prof. UPHAM, of Bowdoin College, and Rev. Dr. J. P. THOMPSON, of your city, he visited Egypt and Palestine. The journey was one long scene of delight; his letters home were full of the enthusiasm of a young traveler. Age had not disabled him from feeling the thrill of pleasure which the objects and scenes of that land are adapted to inspire. Before an audience of more than a thousand persons, spontaneously gathered to welcome him

home after his distant journey, he thus refers to the feelings those scenes awakened: "The cities and countries in which our Savior sojourned during his abode on earth, have been among our prolonged travels. Our feet have trod upon the beautiful Mount of Olives, at the foot of which stands the garden of Gethsemane, where we gathered flowers, and looked upon the ancient olive trees, said to be the silent witnesses of our Savior's passion. Within and without the walls of Jerusalem have we many times wandered, and oftentimes have we ascended and enjoyed sweet meditations on the beautiful Mount Zion. Mount Sinai has also been among the objects which we have looked upon and trod over with deep emotions of sacred interest, *never, never* to be forgotten." To his pastor, shortly before his death, he expressed the wish that every candidate for the ministry should visit those scenes before he began to preach the Gospel.

About five years ago Mr. WALCOTT retired from active business, his son, WILLIAM D. WALCOTT, and SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Esq., who had for some years been associated with him, assuming the entire proprietorship of this immense establishment; and it is but justice to add that these gentlemen, possessed of large views and admirable qualifications for their position, have carried it on in the same noble spirit of its founder.

Since his retirement Mr. WALCOTT has enjoyed that repose which a long life of active usefulness so richly deserved. In the bosom of an affectionate family, revered and beloved by a wide circle of friends, he has gone down quietly to the grave. He had been called, at different periods of his life, to pass through the valley of affliction; but his character had only grown brighter and more placid under the trial. Most of his eight children have settled in life. One son, his associate in business, died not long ago. In that circle his sweet, Christian spirit made him alike the joy and pride of children and grandchildren. During the last two years he was a great sufferer. Disease was gradually sapping that hale constitution, and slowly preparing him for the advent of death. But in the midst of suffering he was calm, patient, wholly resigned to the Father's will. Doubts of his acceptance would, at times, cloud the sky. He felt himself to be so sinful, his

life to have been so unworthy, that he could find little evidence there on which to ground his hope. But these were transient seasons. As death drew near, all doubt vanished. Calling his beloved wife, children, and friends around his bedside, he gave to his pastor, in a voice faint through extreme weakness, as his parting message of love and consolation, these words: "*I hope for grace that I may have patience to wait. I can cast my burden on the Lord; I can trust in him; I have no fear of death.*" And so the good man died; like a shock of corn fully ripe, he is gathered into the heavenly garner. We laid his body away in those beautiful grounds which his taste had laid out and adorned as the κοιμητήριον—the sleeping-place of his people. There let his dust repose in hope, till the morn of the resurrection shall burst upon the world.

S. W. F.

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